

THE WORLD.

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 9.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage),

PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

VOL. 29.....NO. 9,912

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Books Always Open.

"WORLD" GROWTH DURING "ONE TERM."

Number of "WORLD'S" Printed During the Week Ending September 27, 1888 (Last Presidential Campaign):

711,200.

NUMBER OF "WORLD'S" PRINTED DURING THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 29, 1888:

1,937,370.

IS IT A JEKYLL-HYDE AFFAIR?

A Scotland Yard detective has concocted a theory in the case of the Whitechapel murders which is almost as remarkable as the crimes themselves. He believes that the butchers are the work of a fiendish Mr. Hyde whose second-self is a Dr. Jekyll possessed of large wealth and moving in the best London society. The detective claims to have struck the trail of this incarnation of the novelist's conception. He asserts that his Dr. Jekyll, when disposed to give Mr. Hyde a holiday, closes the door of his handsome residence at the West End of the city upon himself, gets into a cab, which he leaves at a convenient spot at the East End, and enters the reeking district of Whitechapel a veritable Mr. Hyde. There his instincts become as savage and brutal as those of the original character in the fiction, and he indulges them in the manner which has so terrified the Londoners and so puzzled the police.

According to this officer's theory not only are the Whitechapel horrors the work of a real, living Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but are attributed to the novel itself or to its production on the stage. The story, working on a morbid mind, has, in the detective's judgment, suggested the idea of the double existence to the suspected person and laid the foundation for the practical application of the author's conceit.

Whatever amount of credence may be given to the officer's theory, it cannot fail to increase the excitement caused by the butcheries and to deepen the mystery by which they are surrounded. It adds a still more weird character to the brutal murders, even if it does not promise much in the direction of the detection of the criminal. However, it is to be hoped that if the detective is not mistaken he will soon lay hands on Mr. Hyde, and that Dr. Jekyll will suffer the penalty of his wicked partner's crimes.

A VICTIM OF THE CORNER.

"Old Horton's corner," as the recent gambling in wheat is called on the markets, has sent one of the "cornered" victims to his grave and desolated a happy home. The senior member of the well-established firm of Williams, Black & Co., finding his business broken down and his firm driven to suspension by the "squeeze" of the Chicago speculator, foolishly sought refuge from his troubles in death. Yesterday he left his house after breakfast, took a room at the Grand Central Hotel and then shot himself through the head.

The Central Labor Union did not use extravagant language when a few days ago it denounced the promoters of Trusts and the speculative gamblers in "corners," whose efforts are directed towards raising the cost of the necessities of life, as criminals who ought to be punished by the law. To-day such operations have raised the price of sugar, coal and bread, besides having driven to bankruptcy many honorable business houses.

What confidence can the people have in political parties when they see month after month and year after year pass by without any real effort on the part of Republicans or Democrats in Congress or State Legislatures to invoke the power of the law against the continuance of these grave public evils?

GOV. HILL'S ADDRESS.

Gov. Hill made a plain, convincing address to the Labor organizations of the city at the Cooper Union last night. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and could have been filled had it been four times as large as it is.

The Governor made it clear to his audience that the workmen's best "protection" is organization. Wages would be lower than they are, despite high tariff and heavy taxation, if Labor Unions did not force employers into some sort of justice towards their employees. The Governor cited facts in support of his arguments, and especially recommended the more complete organization of women wage-earners, not alone for their own sakes, but for the better protection of male labor, with which they come in competition.

The Governor gave a brief history of the

measures he had recommended in favor of the working classes and fully explained the reasons of his veto of the Saxton bill. His address was listened to with attention, and it was made evident to his hearers that his earnest efforts in the interest of labor are the basis of the attacks of his enemies on an administration whose efficiency they cannot deny and whose honesty they dare not question.

The Tribune takes the trouble to answer a correspondent of THE WORLD, who inquires: "What is Thurman's weight?" The Tribune says that all the candidates will be put on the scales next month, and that HARRISON and MORTON will then be found to have more weight than CLEVELAND and THURMAN. This is probably true, only the Tribune's orthography is a bit. The word should be spelled "w-a-i-t."

Everybody, with the exception of criminals and crooks, will rejoice that Chief BREWSTER has recovered from his recent serious sickness and is back at his post. It will not take many days to restore his strength and make him as vigorous as ever.

A Democratic Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States put on the robes yesterday for the first time in twenty-four years. Chief Justice CHASE succeeded Chief Justice TANTY in December, 1864.

To-day is the first day of registration in this city and the second day in Brooklyn. No good citizen should postpone the duty of registering if he can possibly perform it to-day. The sooner the better.

Mr. HAWITT accepts BOSS POWEN's nomination for Mayor, "goes in strong" for BOSS POWEN's slate, including MIKE MURPHY for Sheriff, and denounces Tammany's machine methods.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

A curiosity of patchwork, recently received in Richmond, Va., from Norfolk, is a mantle runner quilt made of sixty-six badges collected at the Gettysburg reunion last July.

The Rev. John Carroll, of St. Mary's Church, Chicago, is ninety-one years old, and is believed to be the oldest priest in the country. He is of Irish parentage and was ordained in 1833.

One of the most accomplished horsewomen in San Francisco is Miss Jessie Fair, who not only looks well in the saddle but rides with spirit and grace. Her horse is a beautiful dapple gray that cost \$1,000, and she has recently purchased a milk-white steed for \$200.

Mrs. Julia Bayless, of Charleston, Ind., possesses a wooden wain tray that was once owned by Herman Biemerhassett, who was connected with the Aaron Burr conspiracy at the beginning of the century. The light-colored wood is stained with wine that was spilled, as Mrs. Bayless, imagines, during the secret conclaves of the conspirators.

Lord Hereford, who arrived in San Francisco a few days ago from Japan, took pains, while traveling on the east coast of Africa, to visit many of the localities and make famous the "Bagdad" and "She." On one spot where two tribes fought a battle, in which 2,000 men were slain, his Lordship picked up a number of human bones, which he prizes highly as souvenirs.

A Female Scribbler Burlesqued.

One of the humorist character sketches in Charles H. Hoyt's latest and most successful skit, which he calls "A Brass Monkey," is that of a night newspaper correspondent. The correspondent is sketched on the newspaper in a society journal. The character is admirably real, and Mrs. Allen Walsh, who suggests with a great deal of success and wit to contribute to the humorist, brings to the profession of Journalism.

The original in this case is a native of Charleston, New Hampshire, where Hoyt's home is located. In an unfortunate hour for her, a Bos in a printed one of her paragraphs and she has been a terror through the entire region ever since. She scours the country side for scandalous gossip, and she neglects her home and her children to such an extent that her husband was compelled to leave her. She is a woman who is not known to express as well as the divorcee, who is not the divorcee of some one else's business, as she could make a name for herself.

The "Brass Monkey" comes to the Bijou Opera House next week.

Mrs. Valentine's Deed Is Vindicated.

Chief Justice Barnard has decided that Mrs. Catherine W. Valentine's transfer of her house, No. 19 Cranberry street, to Dr. Hermann T. Richter, was valid on the ground of undue influence, want of consideration and fraud.

What Alled the Horse.

Art's Friend (after regarding the picture critically)—That's a "collar looking picture that you call 'Turned Out to Die.' What's the reason of it?"

Somerset House Mills Burned.

SKOWHEGAN, Me., Oct. 9.—The Somerset Woolen Mills at East Madison were destroyed by fire last night. Loss, \$50,000; insurance on building and stock, \$10,000.

Dr. Greene's New Free Private Lecture to

Gentlemen Only.

Dr. Greene, the eminent specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, of 15 West Forty-fourth street, New York, will deliver in Chicksering Hall on Wednesday evening, Oct. 10, at 8 o'clock, a new free private lecture to gentlemen only, illustrated by the stereoscope. This new private lecture, "The Philosophy of Manhood," is of the most possible interest, being upon those great questions which are of the most vital importance to men. Admission is free and gentlemen should not miss this most powerful of all Dr. Greene's lectures.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Sparrows Furnish a New and Elevating Entertainment for Gotham Sports.

"Chicken disputes" are now something out of fashion in the vulgar sporting world, but cock-sparrow fights are comparatively new.

A young man who recently witnessed an encounter between two sparrows told the proceedings to an EVENING WORLD reporter the other day.

Bread crumbs, soaked in brandy, were scattered in a favorable place and a number of sparrows eagerly ate them. Becoming stupid, two plump birds were easily scooped into a net by a young man.

The birds were placed in a paper box and kept confined for half a day. Then the points of two darning needles were securely inserted in tiny pieces of wood and fastened with thread and elastic bands, one to each leg of the sparrows, thus answering the purpose of gaffs, like those fastened to game-cocks previous to a battle in a pit.

The sparrows, being fed on so long a time without food, became hungry and ready for fight. A few young sports gathered in a Broadway building downtown to witness the encounter and laid some small wagers on the result.

The birds were let loose in the middle of the room and immediately faced one another, with feathers fluffed like fighting cocks, eager for the fray.

They dashed violently at each other two or three times and made the feathers fly. Then they flew upward and around the room, pecking at one another and at the walls, and, alighting on the floor again, they renewed the battle, leaping up and burying the sharp gaffs in each other's bodies.

After an hour and a half of this kind of warfare, and finally got into a corner, where both made a last desperate effort, and, coming against each other savagely, they dropped with feathers all around them, and, with their heads and one of their legs sticking out of the air, they lay motionless.

The young men enjoyed the encounter immensely and declared all bets off.

To the Effect that Trade Dollars Aren't Always What They Seem.

Why the sum of \$6 in bills should be the price asked for an ordinary-looking trade dollar is a question that has perplexed a great many travelers through Maiden Lane.

There is such a coin in the window of a jewelry store on that thoroughfare, and it certainly looks just as innocent as any other piece of the same denomination. It rests comfortably on a heavy plush cushion, and the date, 1877, is clearly seen.

An EVENING WORLD reporter examined the coin from the sidewalk, but did not detect anything unusual in its appearance; and when he entered the place and turned the dollar over and over in his hand, he could discover nothing unusual in its size, weight or appearance.

"Well, I'll show you," said the jeweler, and, taking the coin to the word, he pressed a spring—invisible to the reporter—and the top of the coin flew open.

"There," said he, "look at that. You can put your own, or your best girl's picture in it."

Sure enough, the coin had been hollowed out, a frame work had been put in, and a cap fitted neatly over the whole contrivance. To be sure, the coin was not a trade dollar, but, because it takes two cents to make a case, and then there is a great deal of workmanship on one of them. They are really worth a good deal more than the price of love-sick broker's clerks."

A Masterpiece of the Pipe-Makers' Art and Patience.

A beautiful specimen of the pipe-makers' art can be seen in the window of a dealer in meerschaum pipes on Broadway, in the neighborhood of Canal street.

This pipe is fully 12 inches long by 5 high, and is delicately carved out of meerschaum and amber.

It represents two hills. On one side of the hills fully a dozen goats are taking their breakfast, and on the other side there is a pretty little cottage.

The pipe is so invisible, so neatly is the whole piece of work arranged, the owner said that he had kept it twelve years and that he considered it was worth \$250.

It took one man six months to complete the pipe.

EATING A RACE-HORSE.

Philadelphia, Ex-Jockey Stinks Out from a Foreign Philadelphia Spectator.

Cut up into big steaks and served as a diet of beef at a dinner at the Philadelphia Club was the fate of Pandora, the famous steeplechaser, who was the heroine of the Rose Tree hunt and known to all patrons of the city turf races and to the members of the National Guard.

Pandora was shot because of her lameness. After she had died, her body was cut up into steaks and served as a diet of beef at a dinner at the Philadelphia Club, where the chef was sworn to secrecy, and the meat was disguised as a joint of beef.

Russ H. Hildekooper, who bought Pandora thirteen years ago, gave a dinner at the Philadelphia Club, and one of the dishes on the table was "Piet a Pandora."

Course was a part of poor old Pandora's body. The guests supposed that the dish was named in honor of a guest, and the Chinese in the room were of many an exciting race. After the diet had been consumed by the guests, the Chinese in the room were of many an exciting race.

The guests looked at each other in amazement, and after a short interval of deadly silence there was a roar of laughter. In an instant the guests seemed to remember Pandora as he had seen her at the last meet, and in reverential silence the company rose to their feet, lifted their glasses to their lips and sipped in solemn silence to the memory of the old gray mare who had just departed.

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LABOR'S OVATION TO GOV. HILL.

Cooper Union Held the Biggest Gathering of Workmen Ever Known.

Last night was a great night for honest labor and momentous to the workmen of this city.

The large hall of Cooper Institute never held a larger crowd. The place was packed and jammed with genuine workmen who heartily support Gov. Hill. There were at least 5,000 people who were unable to get inside the doors. The police had to stop the entrance of people at 7.45.

When Gov. Hill was escorted to the platform the assembled workmen cheered him for five minutes. He never received a warmer welcome.

The great throng was a bona fide gathering of workmen, and every word of Gov. Hill's speech was attentively listened to. He told his audience of the workmen's struggle for a fair day's wage for a fair day's work.

Gov. Hill's explanation of his veto of the Saxton bill was listened to with great interest. He showed the unconstitutionality of the bill, its gross defects and the power it placed in the hands of a few election officers. He said that the bill, if it had become a law, would have disfranchised thousands of voters.

When the Governor had finished his explanation of the Saxton bill and had given the reasons for his veto, he turned to the audience and cheered for several minutes.

There is no doubt that last night's meeting of the workmen of this city was a great one. Hill was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in New York.

The workmen must feel proud of the demonstration they extended to their true friend, David B. Hill.

Notes in the Labor Field.

The Miscellaneous Section meets to-night. Organized labor will sustain Gov. Hill, because he has been the best friend of the laborer.

Gov. Hill struck the keynote last night when he said that it is organization that maintains wages and that it is organization that keeps the laborer from being deceived.

Cigar-makers deserting Havana on account of the strike and leaving for Key West and Tampa, Fla. Several Havana firms have yielded to the demands of the men and their hands have returned to work.

Many workmen had been waiting to hear the Governor explain his veto of the Saxton bill, and they were disappointed when he turned to the audience and cheered for several minutes.

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THAT SOCIAL CONUNDRUM.

MORE INTERESTING LETTERS ON THE NOTABLE QUESTION.

Marriage is a Failure in Only 25 per Cent. of the Cases, Says One Observant Correspondent—Does Higher Education Spoil Women for Household Duties—A Happy Husband's Tribute.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

The long discussion that has taken place in the papers over the question "Is marriage a failure?" has led to the expression of many ideas and different opinions. But every writer seems to look at the question from his or her standpoint. If they have had happy lives after marriage all is well; if not, everything is a failure, and they say so. Mrs. Brown is happily married, but Mrs. Jones made a mistake.

The question cannot be decided from this kind of argument. We must go back fifteen or twenty years, take 100 marriages, and I think we shall find seventy-five happy homes.

Then marriage is not a failure, because there will only be about 25 per cent. of all the marriages a failure.

Two hundred of the marriages that are failures. A great many people in their haste to get married forget physical and natural laws.

A little bit of a fellow falls in love with a fine, robust, healthy young woman. She marries him because he has money. But, alas, poor fellow, he has little brains and not enough of muscle.

This marriage is a failure from the beginning—there is no pleasure or satisfaction, especially to the young woman. I have known men and women in the last stages of consumption, and their deaths have been some poor offering behind them to suffer.

Then people get married who are suffering from diseases. Look around and you will see so many delicate, puny creatures who have been brought into this life afflicted with trouble inherited from their parents.

Some attention should be paid to mental qualifications. A fair education on both sides is necessary. Women, however, need not be as well educated as men.

I claim that higher education spoils women for household duties—young women who pass through the higher branches of Vassar and the normal colleges make poor wives. They are not adapted to be mistresses or servants either.

J. HENRY, 387 Fourth avenue.

His Experience a Hard One.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Permit me to say a few words for the benefit of your numerous readers who peruse the letters printed daily in your paper on the failure or success of matrimony.

Experience is a wonderful teacher, but I am sorry to say the lesson it has taught me is very bitter. Fifteen winters ago I was a single man, full of fun and frolic, and like many young men nowadays, ever desirous of sharing the pleasurable moments of my boyhood days in the presence of the opposite sex. By an unfortunate mistake I got entangled in love's silken mesh by a very beautiful little damsel of eighteen summers.

After a short time we got buckled, and after a month or two, when I had broken every bone in my worthless carcass, I wandered forth and related what had happened to a friend. Mark his sympathy and advice. "Ha, ha, ha! What did you want to get married for? You serve yourself to earn a living for two, or a dozen when the time comes, the ladies would be too much for you to teach a lesson to you."

It is not necessary to tell how comfortably I slept that night, superfluous, or how glowingly I went to work the next morning without breakfast, or how skillfully I managed to raise ten cents from a fellow-workman to buy some cakes to satiate my excellent appetite.

On one occasion the potato-pounder was introduced; but to give all details regarding that well-remembered quarrel would cover too much space in your instructive and interesting column.

To give a full account of our pleasant evenings together for the past fifteen years would fill half a dozen papers the size of THE EVENING WORLD.

I will terminate by asking all young men who have an idea of getting married to pray fervently for the will of Heaven to allow them to remain single, and all married men to pray for a deliverance from women's tongues, the cares and troubles of married life, and from nursing little Peter or Mickey after a hard day's work.

Let the old bachelors laugh; they have nothing else to bother them. Like I was fifteen winters ago, when my name was little Dimmy, but ever since I buckled up, you see my name is DIMMY.

Selfishness the Cause of Matrimony.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

If marriage is rightly considered, it is not a failure. Take, for instance, an honorable young woman and an honorable young man; let them understand one another before getting married; let them have a knowledge of each other's character, both a very good knowledge of each other's character. The young woman should not marry because the man has wealth, or because he is a good talker or a singer or a good dancer, or because he is good looking; all these things amount to very little in life.

The whole course of married life springs from selfishness. A selfish man or a selfish woman always meets misery. Neither has a true love for the other before marriage, and how can they have it after marriage? Besides, they populate the world with ingrates, misers and thieves, for their very characters are transmitted to the offspring. The word selfishness associated with marriage is the curse of marriage and of the world.

Let the man and the woman understand one another before marriage, let them have a knowledge of each other's character, both a very good knowledge of each other's character. The young woman should not marry because the man has wealth, or because he is a good talker or a singer or a good dancer, or because he is good looking; all these things amount to very little in life.

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CHICKERING HALL.

FIRST OF THE FINE COURSE OF NEW LECTURES BY DR. GREENE, OF 38 WEST 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

Wonderfully Beautiful Illustrations and By Far the Best Given by the Doctor—A Most Interesting and Instructive Evening Lecture.

The free illustrated lectures of Dr. Greene, of 38 West 14th st., New York, are always popular with the people, but the fact that he began last evening in Chickering Hall, an entirely new and modern place of lecture, the opening of which contains by far the most beautiful and magnificent illustrations ever seen